

..Dear Book..



Class of 1933

Johnson High School

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

1933 YEAR BOOK



Editorial Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	-	-	-	-	-	John J. Phelan, Jr.
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Peter B. F. Sluskonis
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<i>Assistant Advertising Manager</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Saverio Campione
<i>Class President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Charles J. Donlan

Individual Write-Up Committee

Charles Marchese, Chairman

George Robertson
Albert Kennedy
Robert Donlan
Saverio Campione

Dorothy Wedge
Irene Barron
Capitola Mulligan
Mary Sullivan

Agnes Lang

*T*O Alvah G. Hayes, Principal of
Johnson High School, the first annual
year book is dedicated. It has been
through his hearty enthusiasm and
generous cooperation that this book
has been made possible. A kinder
man, and a more sympathetic friend
will never be known by the
Class of 1933





MR. ALVAH G. HAYES

A Message to the Seniors

CLASS OF 1933 your period of education in Johnson High School draws to a close. This period is only one of a series of steps up which you are all ascending. It is logical at this point to inventory the present in order that mistakes you have made in the past will not be repeated in the future.

You are living in a highly specialized world, in which the rewards will continue to be largely reserved for the more capable. During the last twelve years you have been laying a foundation upon which, to a large extent your success or failure will depend. If that foundation has been cheaply and poorly laid, be frank with yourselves and attempt to improve it in the future before building that more costly portion, that superstructure which is to represent your life work.

As each successive class is graduated, there always comes to me a feeling of mingled happiness and regret. Happiness in the thought that another group has reached one of the several goals along the road, and regret in the knowledge that many of the splendid friendships formed during the last four years, are about to be broken. The period which is ending has been one of the happiest which you will ever experience. There probably have been times when you believed you were experiencing everything but happiness, but life is like that. From certain positions we see only the dark cloud, but on the hill we see the sun still shining.

Now, as many of you go "out of school life, into life's school," I wish to leave one parting thought with you. Your teachers will be tremendously interested in your future success just as they always have been interested in your successes while you were a part of this institution. With this parting thought I say, "Good luck to you, Class of 1933."

Year Book Statistics



G. EDWIN ADAMS

"Eddie"

Milk Street

Chemistry Club 4

"Eddie" has found pleasure in scientific work and we are certain that his talent will be realized.



LAURITSEN W. ALLEN

"Lauri"

Chemistry Club 4

Track 4

"Lauri" as we call him, is an all-around good fellow.



JEAN BARKER

1361 Osgood Street

Basketball 2, 3, 4,

Journal Staff 2, 3, 4

Treasurer Athletic Association 4

Secretary and Treasurer, Dramatic Club 4

Valedictorian

Glee Club 3, 4

"J" Club 4

Class Play 4



IRENE BARRON

"Irene"

100 Union Street

Class Treasurer 1

Basketball 2, 3, 4

Dramatic Club 4

"J" Club 4

Year Book

Irene has always been an active member of our class and an excellent scholar. Keep up the good work, Irene.

MARY G. BRADY

"Curley"

Salem Street

Dramatic Club 4

Glee Club 3, 4

We shall always remember Mary and her "curly" locks which we envy.



SAVERIO J. CAMPIONE

"Camp"

225 Massachusetts Avenue

Entered Mamaroneck H. S., N. Y., '29

There a member of:

Boys' Glee Club

Orchestra

Male Quartet

Entered J. H. S., '32

Chefs' Club 4

Orchestra 4

Year Book 4

"Camp", as we all like to call him, is very popular. Because we have come to like him in just one year's time, we are certain that his most amiable qualities will beget for him all that he wants in life.



RITA M. CARROLL

"Carroll"

24 Railroad Avenue

Basketball 2, 3, 4

"J" Club 4

Commercial Club President 4

Essex County Shorthand Contest 2

Scholastic History Contest (local prize) 4

Glee Club



ELISE A. CLEE

"Rexie"

13 Green Street

Commercial Club

Glee Club 3, 4

Elise is a good natured girl and gets along well with everyone. She has a talented voice and some day we hope she will enjoy fame.





MORRIS M. COHEN

"Morrie"

Belmont Street

Bradstreet School

President of Student Council 4

Journal Staff 1, 4

Dramatic Club 4

"J" Club 4

Class Plays 1, 3, 4

"It Pays to Advertise" 3

Class Prophet 4

Morris, has contributed many achievements to the J. H. S. and is liked by all of his schoolmates. And we all hope that he will continue to achieve.



ELIZABETH F. COLE

"Lizzie"

"Lizzie" loves to be entertained by romantic persons and we know for sure that she finds life pleasant. It must be great to be like her!



JOHN J. COSTELLO

"Johnnie"

Merrimac Street

Dramatic Club 4

Track 4

Football 2

School Play 3

"J" Club 4

"Johnnie" is held in esteem by all of his classmates and his quiet nature predicts for him a dignified vocation.



GERTRUDE R. CURRIER

"Gert"

105 Prescott Street

Basketball 2, 3, 4

Class Treasurer 2

"J" Club 4

Glee Club 3, 4

French Club 4

Gertrude has been a pleasant, likeable girl throughout her school life.

LEON A. J. DIAMONT

"Pooko"

14. Harkaway Road

Football 3, 4 Class Play 1 Journal Staff 3, 4
Student Council 4 "J" Club
President of Assembly Committee A-4

Leon has shown by his past work that he is capable of attaining the highest point in all his undertakings.



CHARLES J. DONLAN

"Charlie"

273 Massachusetts Avenue

Football 2, 3, 4 Basketball 2, 3, 4 Baseball 3, 4
Journal Staff 3, 4 President of Senior Class 4
President of Dramatic Club 4 "J" Club 4
Vice-President of Student Council 4

Charlie's initiative will always keep him a leader of his fellow men.



ROBERT E. DONLAN

"Rob"

273 Massachusetts Avenue

Thompson 28 Chefs' Club 4 "J" Club 4

"Rob's" nonchalant ways will carry him through all the knocks of the world.



KENNETH R. FENTON

"Kenny"

226 Middlesex Street

Journal Reporter 1 Chefs' Club 4

"Kenny" is a calm, cool person who makes the world an easier place to live in.





RONALD R. FOLEY

"Ronny"

251 Middlesex Street

Basketball 3, 4

Baseball 4

Track 4

Commercial Club 4

"J" Club 4

Chefs' Club 4

"Ronny" is admired by all his classmates and will carry that admiration through life.



MARJORIE E. GILL

"Margie"

58 Harold Street

Student Council 4

Basketball 2, 3, 4 (Capt. 3, 4)

"J" Club 4

Dramatic Club 4

Glee Club 3, 4

Class Play 1, 3, 4

Athletic Association (Secretary)

"It Pays to Advertise" and "Seventeen"—A. A. Plays

As one can see, "Margie" has been an all around good sport during her four years of high school training.

Marge is always ready for fun.



BEATRICE A. GOFF

"Bea"

86 Union Street

Student Council 4

Johnson Journal 4

Literary Club 4

Salutatorian

"Bea" never allowed her pleasure to interfere with her school work. Thus she has come out on top. We all hope that "Bea" will keep up her good work. We know she will!



G. ALFRED HOUSTON

"Al"

19 Lincoln Street

Dramatic Club 4

"Seventeen" A. A. Play

Class Play 3

"J" Club 4

"Al" is a likeable Senior and is best known by his pleasant smile.

AGNES T. HULME

“Aggie”

157 Water Street

Agnes was always a rather quiet girl, but well liked among her classmates.



MILDRED M. JACKSON

“Millo”

32 Harkaway Road

Mildred, better known as “Millo” is one of the best natured girls in our class. “Millo” is always ready for a good laugh.



ETHEL B. P. JACOBS

“Ethel”

East Water Street

Commercial Club 4.

Ethel is a good sport, and although she is rather reserved in class, she has her fun outside.



ALBERT C. KENNEDY

“Al”

15 Adams Avenue, Everett, Mass.

Literary Club 4 “J” Club 4 Dramatic Club 4
Football 3, 4

“Al” has won many friends through his sterling good nature. We know “Al” will be as successful in life as he has been in school.





KATHARINE KNOWLES

“Kay”

36 Milton Street

Literary Club 4 Journal Staff 1

Too bad Kay leaves this year, for the lunch room will be minus those nice peanuts Kay makes.



PHYLLIS I. KRUSCHWITZ

“Phil”

1132 Salem Street

Glee Club 4 Dramatic Club 4

“Phil” finds joy in taking care of children. “They’re so cute,” she says.



AGNES T. LANG

“Ag”

16 Lincoln Street

Class Play, 1 Journal Staff, 2, 3,
Junior-Senior Reception Committee Glee Club, 3, 4
Dramatic Club, 4 Year Book

Agnes is an ideal friend. She is well known and popular for very good reasons. She is full of life and a good sport. She has decided to be a nurse and we certainly envy her patients. Good luck, Agnes!



RAYMOND J. LAVIN

“Ray”

62 Railroad Avenue

Secretary 4 “J” Club 4 Football 4
Treasurer 4 Commercial Club 4 Journal 4
Yearbook 4

Ray is well liked by his classmates, and stands well in his studies.

JEREMIAH F. MAHONEY

“Jerry”

54 Elm Street

“J” Club 4 Chefs’ Club 4 Football 4

“Jerry” is one of the most popular boys in the school. He is cheerful and good natured.



WILLIAM W. MAKER

“Willie”

165 High Street

Vice-President 4 “J” Club 4 Commercial Club 4
Baseball 4

“Willie” has won the hearts of his class through his quiet friendliness and his willingness to help.



FRED D. McROBBIE

“Teddy”

61 Phillips Street

Baseball 2, 3, 4 Football 3, 4 Baseball 4
“J” Club 4 Commercial Club 4

“Teddy” is indeed very quiet and seeing that the rest of us are rather noisy, Teddy deserves special attention.



JOHN MICHALOVICH

“Mich”

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4 Literary Club 4 Class Historian 4
Journal Staff

“Mich” is one of the old timers, always living in ancient times with Socrates. “Mich” we sincerely wish to be as good a historian, as those whose writing he reads.





LILLIAN A. MORT

"Lil"

34 Milton Street

Commercial Club, 4

"Seventeen" 2

"Lil" is quite the poet and often writes rhymes for her pals. She is going to live in Delaware after graduation. Good luck "Lil"!



RUTH A. MORTON

"Ruth"

Second Street

Literary Club

"Ruth is active in the Literary Club and plans to attend a business college after she graduates."



CAPITOLA E. MULLIGAN

"Tola"

12 Lincoln Street

Class Secretary 2, 3

Junior-Senior Reception Committee
Year Book 4

"Tola" is the J. H. S. seamstress. Whenever any costumes are needed she is always ready to render her services.
Luck to you in your work, "Tola."



EILEEN V. MURPHY

"Leenie"

26 Second Street

Foreign Language Club, 4

Eileen has wavy blond hair which is the envy of all the girls in the class. She is a steady and intelligent student liked by all.

EVELYN A. PENDLEBURY

"Eve"

116 Middlesex Street

Commercial Club 4

Evelyn is popular among students and teachers alike, and has been a friend to all. She has always been a willing worker and a cheerful helper.



GLADYS L. PHILLIPS

"Gladdie"

24 Hodges Street

Commercial Club Secretary 4

"Gladdie" is the quiet demure girl of the class, but just call on her any time when you're in need, and you will always find her ready to help.



GEORGE J. ROBERTSON

"Georgie"

169 High Street

Dramatic Club 4

Class Will

"Georgie" might well be called the class politician. It never bothers George to get up and spiel off a line in class. Wasn't that a pretty good will he wrote, too?



BEN S. RILEY

"Ben"

37 Marblehead Street

Dramatic Club 4

"J" Club 4

Ben is a good all-round sport and he usually has a goodly number of "fems" around him, even though he insists on keeping off the dance floor.





JOHN E. SHEA

John

76 Railroad Avenue

Football 4 Track 4 "J" Club 4 Chefs' Club 4

John is quite the shiek—especially on those bi-weekly trips to Methuen. He used to be shy, but has come out of his shell lately.



MARGARET A. SHERIDAN

"Peg"

7 Cleveland Street

Commercial Club, 4

"Peg" is a quiet girl in class but outside is a good sport. We wish her luck in whatever profession she may choose to enter.



PETER B. F. SLUSKONIS

"Pete"

4 Riverview Street

Football Manager 4 Journal 2 Harvard Book 3
Literary Club 4 Assistant Editor 4 Essayist 4
Chief Checker (Checker's Union) 3, 4
Student Council 4

"Here's to the one in the million, the dearest, the best;
Like the sun in the heavens, he outshines the rest."
Much could be said about "Pete's" scholastic abilities, for as a student he is very successful.



MILDRED G. STEWART

"Mil"

53 Harold Street

"J" Club, 4 Commercial Club, 4, Vice-President

Mildred is a good all-round sport. Wherever she is you may be sure of a good time. No matter what happens she is always smiling. She intends to enter a business school and we all wish her luck.

FRANK B. STEVENSON

"Frank"

50 Harold Street

Dramatic Club, 4

Frank is the popular one at all the school dances. It's his delight and he's always "raring to go."



MARGARET E. STOTT

"Peg"

10 Robinson Court

"Peg" is one of the happy-go-lucky girls of the class, and is well liked. Her cheerful disposition has made her popular.



MARY A. SULLIVAN

"Sully"

120 Stevens Street

"J" Club, 4 Dramatic Club, 4 Journal, 1, 2, 3,
Basketball, 4

Mary is one of our poets, and has been studying poetry during the past year. Here's luck to the poet!



M. DOROTHY WEDGE

"Dot"

205 High Street

Secretary-Treasurer "J" Club, 4
Dramatic Club, 4 Glee Club, 3, 4 Year Book, 4

Although "Dot" didn't join us until her sophomore year, she has made many friends. Some day in the near future she hopes to be a good secretary. Good luck "Dot"!





ALICE Y. WILLIAMS

"Al"

23 Salem Street

Football Song, 1 Ring Committee, 3 Glee Club, 3, 4
Commercial Club, 4 Typewriting Contest, 2
Journal, 4

Alice is a quiet girl, but very well liked because of her wonderful disposition. Alice intends to enter a business school and we wish her the best of luck.



HANNAH M. ROCHE

"Ann"

3 Wood Lane

French Club 4

Hannah is one of our quiet girls, always with a smile for everyone. That smile ought to take her a long way!



ESTHER C. E. LUNDQUIST

"Esther"

20 Bixby Avenue

Commercial Club, 4

Everyone knows Esther as a cheerio-girl with a great big heart. We have all enjoyed her company during the past four years. We wish her success and happiness for the future.



JOHN J. PHELAN, Jr.

"Johnny"

174 High Street

President 1, 2, 3 Journal Staff 2, 3 Editor Year Book 4
Student Council 4 Editor-in-Chief 4 Baseball 3, Captain 4
"J" Club 4 (Pres.) Class Marshal 3 Football 3, 4
Dramatic Club 4 Class Orator 4
Vice-President, Athletic Association 4

All we need do is to look at his long string of offices to know "Johnny". He is also a very happy-go-lucky fellow, giving a pleasant aspect to any company he's in.

M. LOUISE KANE

"Louise"

23 Davis Street

French Club 4

Louise has made herself known in school for her scholastic ability. She is very quiet and we rarely hear her speak, except in recitation.

PAUL A. LANNI

"Paul"

East Water Street

Commercial Club 4 "J" Club 4 Football 4
Basketball 4 Track 4

Paul stands high in his classes and is popular with his classmates. He is always cheerful and ready for fun.

LORETTA F. PARAH

"Retta"

10 Harkaway Road

Commercial Club 4

Loretta is one of the quiet girls of our class and is more often seen than heard. Underneath this shyness is a personality and friendship which many of us have had the opportunity to enjoy.

THOMAS CLARK, Jr.

"Tommie"

249 Sutton Street

"Tommie" is a faithful friend who will make the world happier.

HELEN C. BURNHAM

449 Stevens Street

Commercial Club 4

Helen has always been a conscientious girl and a worthwhile student.

CHARLES MARCHESE

"Charlie"

Salem Turnpike

Literary Club 4 Journal Staff 2, 3, 4

Charles is a prominent member of the class both in studies and class activities. He is very popular.

ARTHUR J. DARVEAU

"Art"

14 Bruce Street

Football 3 Chefs' Club 4

"Art" is a chap with little chatter but much thought.

JOSEPH H. BINNS

"Joe"

10 Harold Street

Chefs' Club 4

"Joe" as we all know him, is a very quiet boy who will make the world better for all.

JOSEPH P. FLYNN

"Joey"

"Joey" has entertained us all, even the teachers!

IRVING ALBRECHT

"Irvie"

31 Troy Road

"Irvie" fits right in at J. H. S. He's a pal to everyone—especially to those whom you always hear saying, "Let's go down to 'Irvies'!"

ALEXANDER T. PICKLES

"Pickles"

100 Railroad Avenue

Known to all of us as "Pickles", he does lend a sweetness to the sourness of the day.

WILLIAM F. SHELLNUT

"Bill"

43 Bay State Road

Commercial Club 4

"Bill" is one of the quieter boys in the class and isn't so terribly fond of work. But just get him started!

J. ELMORE TACY

"Elmore"

281 Sutton Street

Leave it to Elmore to start an argument. Wouldn't the history class seem funny without him?

LEONARD SLICER

"Lennie"

47 Union Street

Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 4

Football 2, 3 Freshman Play "J" Club (Vice-Pres.)

Baseball 2, 3, 4 Commercial Club Journal Staff 2, 3, 4

Secretary of Junior Year

"Lennie" is very popular, and he deserves to be, too.

GEORGE A. HOLDSWORTH

"Georgie"

80 Massachusetts Avenue

Commercial Club 4

A quiet fellow is "Georgie", with a big heart.

FRANK C. NICHOLSON

"Frankie"

Orchestra 2, 3

Known as the "Jazz King" is "Frankie" and do we like the way he plays the sax! And does he get along with jazz lovers!

FRANK E. JOHNSON, Jr.

"Gus"

360 Andover Avenue

Entered J. H. S. '28

Entered Phillips, Andover '29

Boxing Association

Entered Clark Prep School '30-'31-'32

Boxing, Track, Hockey

Entered J. H. S. '32

"Gus" is somewhat alienated from the rest of us, not in jollity, but only in the sphere of forensic matter. We certainly do hope that Frank will become a lawyer!



FACULTY

MISS VEVA CHAPMAN—

Graduated from Bates College. Entered J. H. S. September, 1924. Teacher of English, Civics.

MISS ORELE SCOTT—

Graduated from State Teacher's College of Framingham. Entered J. H. S. September 1931. Teacher of Biology and Domestic Arts.

MISS LUCY HATCH—

Graduated from Boston University. Entered J. H. S. September, 1918. Teacher of English and German.

MISS GLENNA KELLY—

Graduated from Jackson College. Entered J. H. S. September, 1930. Teacher of History and Civics.

MISS ELIZABETH OETJEN—

Graduated from Middlebury College. Entered J. H. S. September, 1931. Teacher of English.

MISS EDITH PIERCE—

Graduated from Wellesley College. Entered J. H. S., 1930. Teacher of English, Algebra and Business Training.

MISS CLARA CHAPMAN—

Graduated from Bates College. Entered J. H. S. April, 1918. Teacher of Science, Chemistry and Physics.

MISS DOROTHY COLBURN—

Graduated from Simmons College. Entered J. H. S. September, 1930. Teacher of Stenography and Typewriting. Coach of girls basketball.

MISS MILDRED GREEN—

Graduated from Mount Holyoke College. Entered J. H. S. September, 1923. Teacher of Latin, Science and Mathematics.

MISS ALICE NEAL—

Graduated from Boston University P. A. L. Entered J. H. S. September, 1929. Teacher of Bookkeeping and Typewriting.

MR. ALVAH HAYES, Principal—

Graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Entered J. H. S. September, 1923. Teacher of Mathematics.

MISS IRENE COOK—

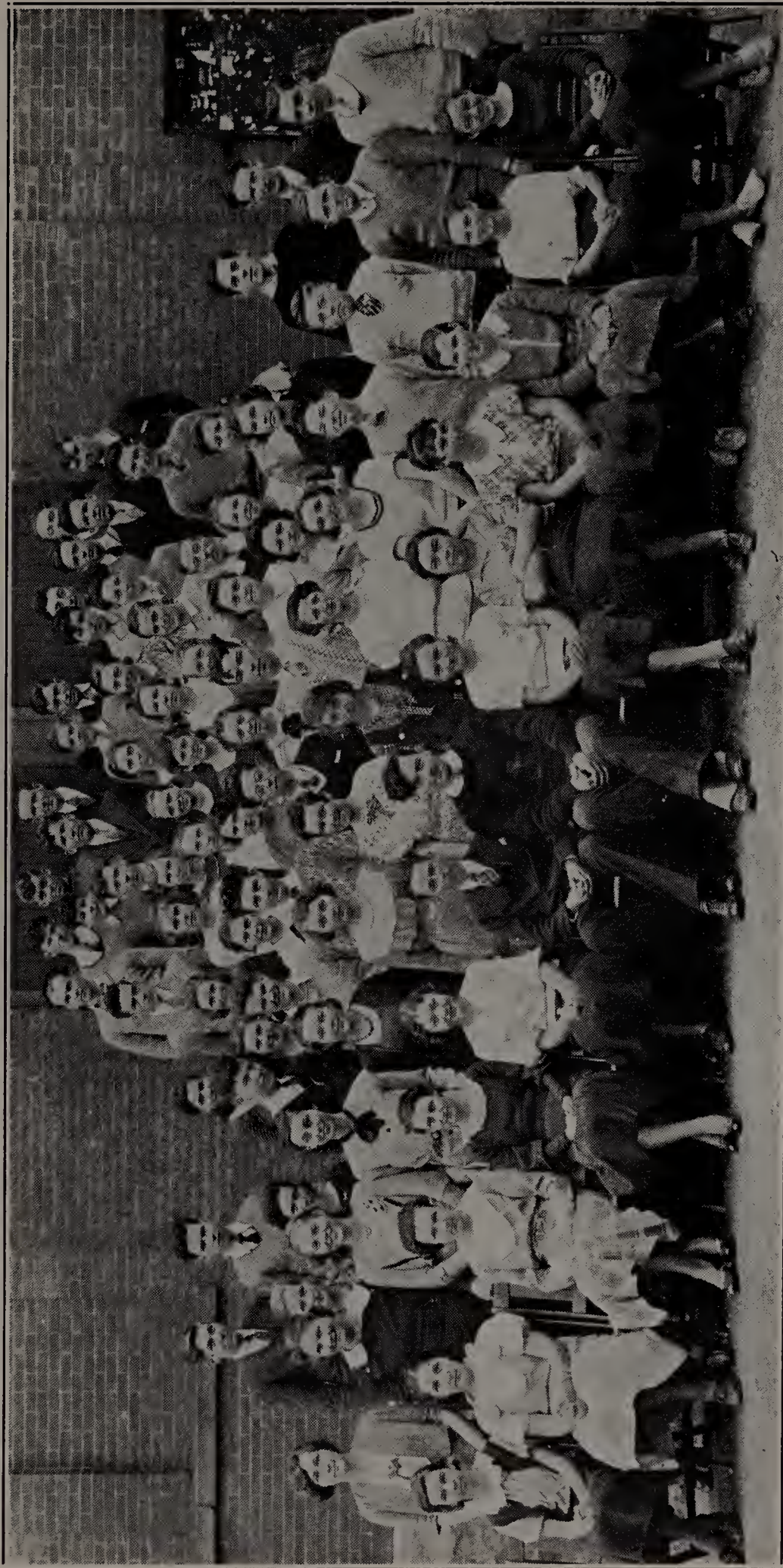
Graduated from Mount Holyoke College. Entered J. H. S. September, 1921. Teacher of American History, French, Social Science.

MR. WALTER MITCHELL—

Graduated from University of New Hampshire. Entered J. H. S. September, 1932. Teacher of Mathematics. Athletic Coach for boys.



SENIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS



THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	- - -	John Phelan, Jr.
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	- - -	Peter Sluskonis
<i>Art Editor</i>	- - -	Claire Lebel
<i>Humor Editor</i>	- - -	Charles Donlan
<i>News Editor</i>	- - -	Leon Diamont
<i>Sports Editor—Girls</i>	- -	Jean Barker
<i>Sports Editor—Boys</i>	-	Lewis Sanderson
<i>Exchange Editor</i>	- -	Marguerite Phelan
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	- -	Eleanor Fitzgerald
<i>Typists</i>	- - -	{ Beatrice Nelson Alice Williams Leonard Slicer

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<i>Advertising Manager</i>	- -	Morris Cohen
<i>Asst. Advertising Manager</i>	-	Raymond Lavin
<i>Circulating Manager</i>	-	William Graham
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	-	Miss Edith L. Pierce

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<i>Senior Class</i>	-	Beatrice Goff, Charles Marchese
<i>Junior Class</i>	-	Ellen Riley, Blanche Downing
<i>Sophomore Class</i>	-	{ Elaine Eldredge Thomas Ceplikas
<i>Freshman Class</i>	- -	{ Frank Fawthrop Walter Fredrick Joseph Roberts

CLUB MEMBERS ABSENT FROM PICTURES

Gosda	- - -	Photography Club
Miss Kelly	- - -	"J" Club
Miss Richmond	- - -	Orchestra
Mary Sullivan	-	Dramatic Club, "J" Club
Robert Williams	- - -	Chemistry
Blanche Barwell	- - -	"J" Club
Frances Bamford	- -	Dramatic Club



STUDENT COUNCIL

BACK ROW: Thorwald Allen, Arthur Payne, John Phelan, Lewis Sanderson, Leon Diamont, Peter Sluskonis, John Cashman, Kenneth Dobson and William Graham.

MIDDLE ROW: Arthur Olson, Vincent Miller, Marion Jackson, Helen Clarenbach, Beatrice Goff, Blanche Barwell, Marjorie Gill, Virginia Bixby, Grace McNally, Elsie Tunnickliff, Ellen Riley, Anthony Kapeika, and Leonard Windle.

FRONT ROW: Mr. Mitchell (Adviser), Miss Chapman (Adviser), Morris Cohen (President), Claire Lebel (Secretary and Treasurer), Charles Donlan (Vice-President), Miss Kelley (Adviser), and Mr. Hayes (Principal).

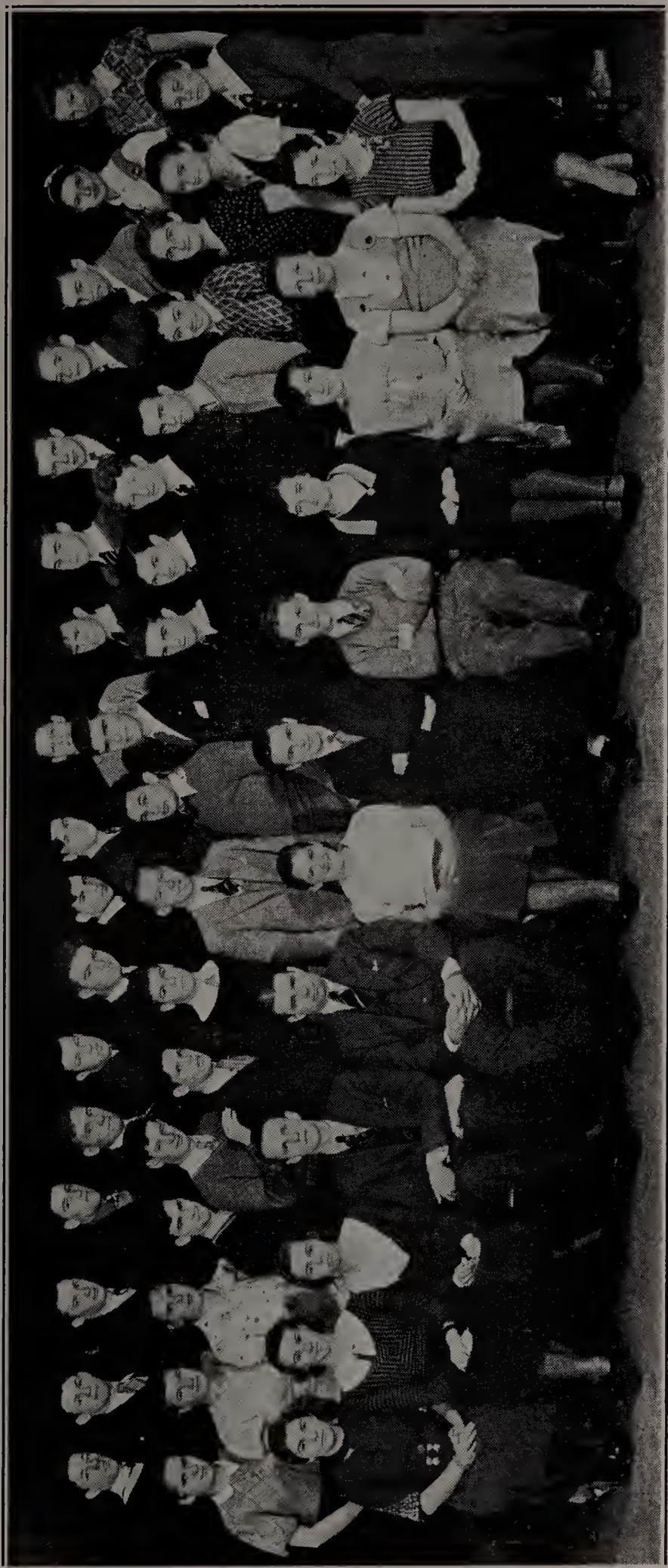


DRAMATIC CLUB

BACK ROW: Frances Connelly, Irene Barron, George Robertson, Morris Cohen, John Phelan, John Costello, Frank Stevenson, Alfred Hous-
ton, Ben Riley, Bernice Dufton, Dorothy Donnelly and Angelina Vernile.

MIDDLE ROW: Rita Noone, Marguerite Phelan, Dorothy Wedge, Capitola Mulligan, Miss Oetjen (Adviser), Miss Green (Adviser), Phyllis
Kruschwitz, Mary Brady, Rita Enaire, Priscilla Holt and Virginia Drew.

FRONT ROW: Patience Kruschwitz, Claire Lebel, Marjorie Gill, Agnes Lang, Jean Barker (Secretary and Treasurer), Charles Donlan (Presi-
dent), Ellen Riley, Katherine May, Isabelle Fenton and Helen Walker.



"J" CLUB

THIRD ROW: Thomas Wood, Charles Donlan, Ben Riley, Morris Cohen, Jeremiah Mahoney, Arthur McGregor, Philip Hickingbotham, Ernest Ferguson, Kenneth Leighton, Alfred Houston, Frank McEvoy, Walter Roberts, Peter Sluskonis, Ronald Foley, Robert Donlan, Sylvia Broderick, Elizabeth McRobbie.

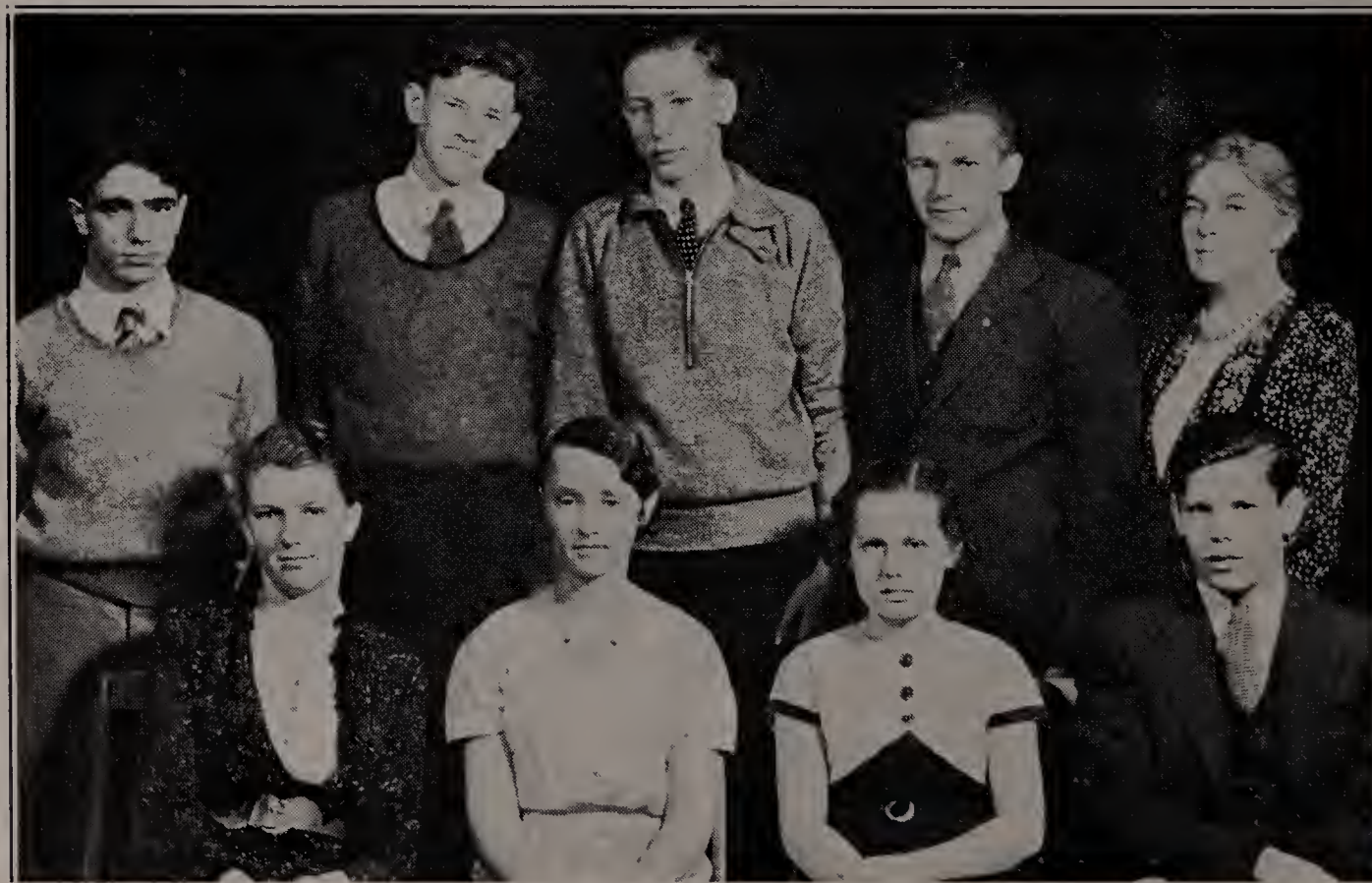
SECOND ROW: Blanche Downing, Rita Carroll, Virginia Bixby, Albert Greenwood, John Kennedy, Albert Kennedy, John Shea, Raymond Lavin, Leon Diamont, Paul Lanni, Albert Humber, Lewis Sanderson, Fred McRobbie, Eugene Walsh, Bernice Dufton, Marjorie Gill, Marguerite Phelan, Mildred Stewart.

FRONT ROW: Jean Barker, Eleanor Fitzgerald, Gertrude Currier, Mr. Mitchell (Adviser), Mr. Hayes (Principal), Dorothy Wedge (Secretary and Treasurer), John Phelan (President), Leonard Slicer (Vice-President), Miss Colburn (Adviser), Helen Walker, Helen Clarenbach, Irene Barron.



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Front Row: Louise Kane, Martha Curley (President), Blanche Downing (Secretary), and Juliette Auger.



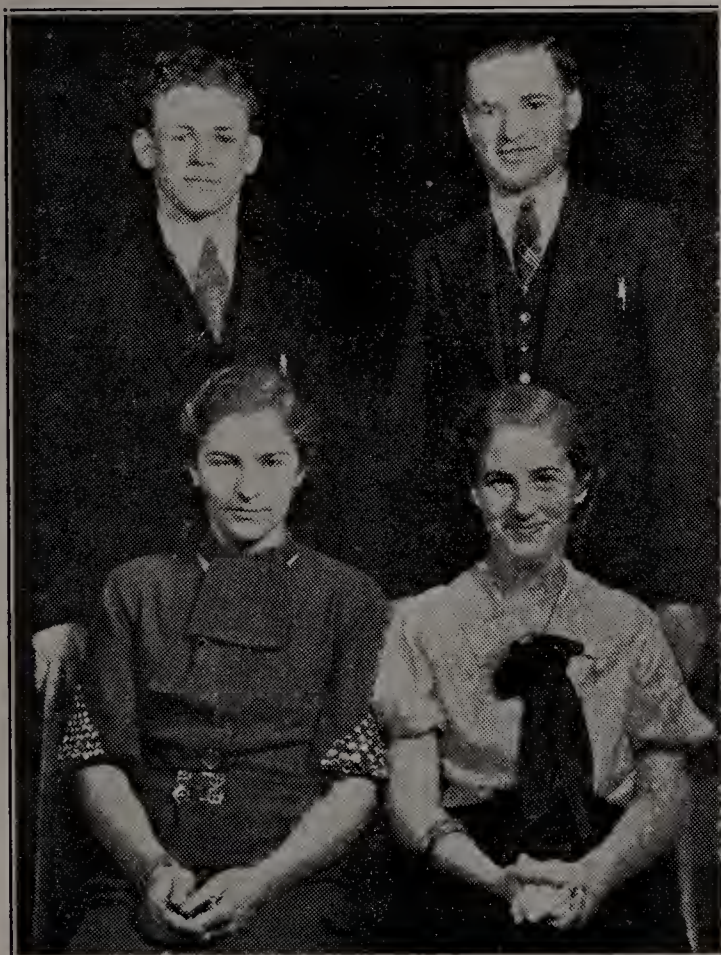
LITERARY CLUB

Back Row: Charles Marchese, Henry Kennedy, John Michalovich, Peter Sluskonis, Miss Hatch (Adviser).
Front Row: Katherine Knowles, Beatrice Goff (Secretary), Ruth Morton, Albert Kennedy.



PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Back Row: Charles Pitman, Everett Bennett, Lawrence Lafond, Joseph Budnick, Vincent Miller (Sec'y), Henry Camire, Paul Hickingbotham, Arthur Olson.
Middle Row: Francis Cashman, Earl Smith, George Flanagan, John Cashman, Mario Russo, Gordon Andrew, Wasil Frederick, Raymond Towne.
Front Row: Kenneth Leighton (Treas.), Miss Pierce (Adviser), Thomas Ceplikas, Douglas Crockett (Vice-Pres.), Wellington Cassidy (Pres.), Arthur Payne (Chairman), Ernest Ferguson (Sergeant-at-Arms).



**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
OFFICERS**

Back Row

Charles Donlan - President
 John Phelan - Vice-President

Front Row:

Jean Barker - - - Treasurer
 Marjorie Gill - - - Secretary



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row: Robert Riley, George Casserly, Arthur Phillips, William Currier, LeRoy Duncan, Phillip Hickingbotham, William Sipsey, Bronislaw Polichnowski.
Front Row: Saverio Campione, Helen Clarenbach, Mabel Black, Edward Werenchuk and Daniel Hurd.



CHEMISTRY CLUB

Back Row: William Morton, Lauritsen Allen, John Pillion, Edward Welch, Francis DeNault, Thorwald Allen, and Philip Evangelos.
Middle Row: Louis Sanderson, John Kennedy, James Casserly, Clifford Johnson, Henry Narushof, and Edwin Adams.
Front Row: Mary Perry, Virginia Bixby, Kenneth Brousseau (Pres.), Helen Clarenbach (Sec'y), William Graham (Treas.), Miss Chapman (Adviser), and Marjorie Andrews.

**COMMERCIAL CLUB**

Back Row: Alice Williams, Leonard Slicer, William Shelmut, William Maker, George Holdsworth and Loretta Parah.

Middle Row: Miss Neal (Adviser), Miss Colburn (Adviser), Fred McRobbie, Paul Lanni, Raymond Lavin, Margaret Sheridan, Lillian Mort, Elise Clee, and Ethel Jacobs.

Front Row: Helen Burnham, Evelyn Pendlebury, Gladys Phillips (Sec'y), Rita Carroll (Pres.), Mildred Stewart (Vice-Pres.), and Esther Lundquist.

**CHEFS' CLUB**

Back Row: Eugene Walsh, Carl Degenhardt, Francis Howard, Joseph Binns, Kenneth Fenton, Robert Donlan and Thomas Wood.

Middle Row: Samuel Silverstein, William Drummond, Ronald Foley, John Shea, Albert Himber, Thomas Barnes, Emile Boulanger and John Roy.

Front Row: Miss Scott (Adviser), Saverio Campione, Charles Andrew, Jeremiah Mahoney (President), Arthur Darveau (Secretary), and Miss Currier (Adviser).



JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

Sports

AS the termination of another school year draws nigh, it is well to review briefly the accomplishments of our athletic teams.

Under the capable tutelage of Mr. Walter Mitchell, our new coach, Johnson High gridsters finished a very successful season dropping only one game; that being to the larger and older boys of Manning. In all we won six games, tied one, Methuen, and lost one.

Arthur Darveau, star guard of the team, has been elected Captain of next year's team, which ought to prove very successful. Good luck Art!

The boys' basketball teams, although dropping the Lowell suburban league title, finished a fine season, emerging victorious in seventeen out of twenty-two encounters. This includes a game which the boys won at the Danvers interscholastic meet last March. The team reached semi-final round of Class B; they were defeated after a nip and tuck game by the larger Danvers outfit.

Lewis Sanderson of the Junior Class has been chosen to lead next year's hoopsters.

The girls' court team, captained by Marjorie Gill, terminated a very successful season, winning ten games and losing four. They placed second in the Lowell Suburban league after close contests with Howe, the winner.

Miss Helen Clarenbach, a Junior, has been elected Captain of next year's team, the prospects for which seem exceedingly bright, as many veterans are returning.

The baseball team, captained by Johnny Phelan, has, thus far, had a hard luck season, being victors of only three out of nine games. The games have been close, erroneous ball being the principle cause of our defeats.

As a whole the season has been a successful one, and much credit is due to Mr. Mitchell and Misses Colburn and Kelly.

We wish them continued success in the future.

Salutatory and Address

IT is my pleasure, this evening, in behalf of the class of 1933, to extend to you our most hearty and sincere welcome. You, parents, through whose efforts it was made possible for us to be members of this graduating class; you, teachers, who have worked so hard and so willingly to help us reach our goal; and you, our schoolmates and friends, who have helped make our school life so pleasant by your kindness and companionship; one and all we bid you welcome.



Historical North Andover

LOOKING back for the early history of Andover, we find scarcely a trace by which we can learn of our colonial ancestors. Hardly a relic now remains of the labor of the first twenty-five years of those hard working pioneer settlers who cleared the forest, broke the ground, made their homes, and found their graves. The first record in the founding of Andover takes us back to the year 1639 and to the ancient town of Agawam, or Ipswich from which the first settlers came. From the year 1604 to the date of the settlement of the town, the neighborhood of Andover receives frequent mention, either as the Valley of Merrimack and Shawshin, or as the territory near Cochichawicke. At the close of the year 1639, when Salem, Lynn, Wenham, Newbury, Ipswich, and Rowley were thriving villages, the forests of Andover remained uncleared by the white man's ax; only the Indians tilled its fields or hunted and fished along its streams. Finally for the small sum of six pounds currency and a coat, the territory around Haverhill and Andover was purchased from the Indians and granted to Nathaniel Ward to settle. The following year no settlement was made. It seems that during the next two years a settlement was begun at Andover which was called Cochichawicke. This village was laid out in house lots chiefly of four acres and eight acres. At first this may seem strange as they were surrounded by vast tracts of land, but when we consider the conditions under which they were obliged to live, we find it was necessary that the population should be compact, not only because of the necessity of keeping guarded against the attacks from the Indians and of the ravages of wild beast, but also, because the facilities of communication for transacting the business of the community were few. With no good roads and few horses, it was desirable that communities mutually dependent should not be scattered over a wild territory.

The township was owned by Proprietors. The old house lots were grouped around the meeting-house, which stood near the old burying-ground on Prospect Street. After the settlers had laid out the town, established their homes, and provided the means for religious culture and education, their next care was the making and improving of roads for access to the older towns. The first roads were not much more than rough wood paths. While they were making the roads in the lonely forests, they were exposed to the perils of wild beasts and of hostile Indians.

The first industry which engaged general interest in this colony was sawing lumber and grinding corn. Fisheries were a great source of profit for a long time, also. There seems to have been no stores proper for about seventy-five years. A large part of the trade was by barter, neighbors exchanging with one another their surplus products.

The agricultural industries, which were of the simplest sort, were the foundation of all other industries. The farm implements were few and rude. A great part of the country being covered with forests, it required much time and labor to fell the trees and clear space for dwellings and house lots, orchards, and gardens.

The second fifty years made a great change. New settlers came in, schools were established, among the inhabitants were many professional men. From a score the town had increased to nearly a thousand. On May 6, 1646 Andover was incorporated. It was named for the town of Andover, in Hants County, England, which had been the home of some of the principal settlers. This Andover covered the whole territory of the present Andover and North Andover. In 1855 it was divided into two separate townships. Due to the fact that Andover institutions had been founded in the southern part of the territory, it was necessary for the original Andover to become our North Andover.

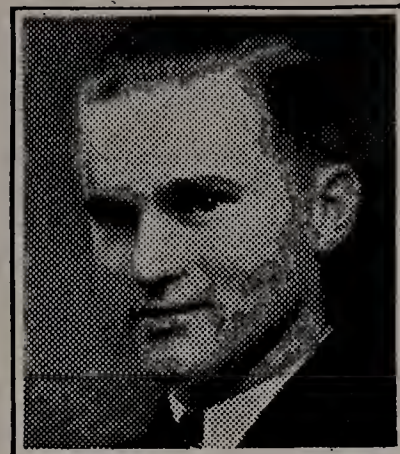
In closing let us compare the North Andover of the colonial times with the North Andover of today. In place of the few narrow wood-paths used for roads we have macadamized roads throughout the town. The colonial schools kept by school-dames where the three "R's" were taught have been replaced by eight public grammar schools and one high school. The small saw-mills, corn-mills, and fisheries have been supplanted by the present large industrial plants of Stevens', Sutton's, Davis and Furber's, and Osgood's. No longer is North Andover a forested town with rude log cabins for houses, but it has steadily grown until now it is a thriving town of over eight thousand inhabitants all living in beautiful houses. May North Andover continue to make progress in the future as it has in the past.

BEATRICE GOFF.



Oration

Out of School Life Into Life's School



FOUR years ago, one hundred boys and girls permanently laid aside the frivolity of youth and assumed the responsibility of individuals entering a new walk in life. The studies required of them, which were not easy, have been mastered only because of their perseverance. Some succeeded; some failed.

Tonight these same people, wiser in the knowledge of what life expects of them, are taking another step forward. They are leaving the protecting walls of Johnson High and are entering a world where the survival of the fittest prevails. They are better equipped and more fortunate than many struggling in the same world, for the advantage rests with them because of their education.

For twelve years the essentials of character have been instilled within their hearts by their loving parents and conscientious teachers. The goal toward which these parents and teachers have jointly striven has at last been reached. Until now, the responsibility has been borne by these aids, who have stood like beacon lights, showing the way. They have been their guides in the past, and they will be their guides in the future; but the responsibility has been shifted to the shoulders of every boy and girl on this platform tonight.

Life! Life! When one hears the word, a train of thoughts immediately rushes through the mind. Thoughts of sorrow—happiness—war—peace—success—failure—tragedy—love—hate—and new life. These are the elements which constitute life. Some appear baffling and many times cause complete discouragement or failure. But it is always possible to conquer. Everyone, be he enterprising in the minds of his fellowmen or one less fortunate, is threatened throughout time by discouraging circumstances lurking at every crossroad. Abraham Lincoln, born in poverty, almost illiterate in early manhood, conquering every obstacle that assailed him, succeeded in attaining the highest position in the country. Biographers may say that he conquered his lowly circumstances, but in reality he was contesting with life itself. The more pleasant side of life cannot be enjoyed or experienced until the last crossroad has been passed. The different meanings that I have mentioned, as likely interpretations of life, have all been typified on the stage in plays. It was Shakespeare who said:

"All the world's a stage
And all the people are its players."

These people have been preparing through the first years for the time when their cue to enter will be sounded. Within the walls of Johnson High they have been carefully instructed so that when they shall be tested, they will not be found inefficient. The stage is set; the cast is assembled; the audience is eager; everything indicates that the curtain will soon rise. Nervous, in the wings, await these boys and girls, their minds a turmoil of conflicting thoughts, living the past twelve years over in the short interval before they are summoned. They are proud and confident, because they realize that they have already attained in high school the primary success. They will soon enter the stage and will leave only at the call of their creator. They will continue to learn day by day, and year by year, accumulating knowledge, the measure of wealth. In the minds of these individuals there is no thought of failure, for no obstacle is too great to be overcome by one armed with courage, inspired with ambition, possessed with foresight, guided by education, and blessed with the prayers of mankind.

JOHN J. PHELAN, Jr.



Essay

Science and Progress

DO towers of steel, mammoth power plants, mechanical and electrical monsters, measure the course of man's progress? Our creations of steel and stone thrust their cold, gray mass into the firmament. Dominion over land, water and air has been realized. The elements have yielded to the touch of the modern Midas, Science. The effects of this material progress are coterminous with the area of the earth. This progress of science is hurling us onward. Its goal we know not. Perhaps it means ultimate destruction. Perhaps we are geared too high, and are wearying under this incessant strain. What influences are striving for spiritual progress?

Let us consider Progress in the civilization of ancient Rome. Here we find a panorama of dazzling marble temples, innumerable orchards, and cultivated fields. We find beautiful harbors, magnificent vessels. But together with this beauty and grandeur, we find a decay. On the surface we find progress, but below, deeper, there appears an inevitable retrogression together with this progress. These people mastered mechanical appliances, and, to some extent, science. Theirs was the most ingenious military system known at the time, yet Rome fell! Its progress had been mostly material. Blinded by the lust for luxury and the desire for power, they atrophied any constructive, spiritual, and moral progress. An unrivalled promiscuity of evil, especially the avarice for material gain, led them to reject any form of altruism. Slavery and persecution blotted the pure marble of their temples. A general decadence in morals led to the disastrous downfall. Yet they were once called the most progressive people in the world!

We always take pride in praising our present civilization. We center practically all our admiration on the accomplishments of science. Miracles of science are performed. This labyrinth of wheels, wires, and cogs awes and even terrifies us with its potency. But has our moral progress kept pace with this material one? This year, in Chicago, is being held what is called, "A Century of Progress Exposition." There is a tinge of irony in all this. Will the visitors be aware that they are in the city of the greatest crime? Will they discover the poverty existing there? Is Fontenelle correct when he tells us, "The heart always the same, the intellect perfecting itself; passions, virtues, vices unaltered, knowledge increasing."? Must we, like Goethe's pessimistic Faust lament,

"And here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool no wiser than before."?

While this material progress has been advancing, how have our fine arts fared? The advances in the realm of pure intellect have been slow indeed. In our so-called Era of Progress, we still resort to works that are centuries old. Why? Because our literature, art, and music are, with few exceptions, in a deplorable state. Thousands of novels are published annually, but how many will outlive a single play of Shakespeare? Most of our art is nothing but a horrible nightmare. Our current music is but a relic of barbarism.

Haven't we taken too much interest in science and less in what may be termed as "real progress"? How many wars has science prevented? There is no progress when the arts of science produce weapons and chemicals that destroy thousands of men. The displacement of man by the machine has been a problem of long standing. On the other hand, we may have science properly applied, "real progress". We have conquered diseases. We have attempted to prevent future disasters like that most terrible event in the history of civilization—the World War. Our altruistic institutions, our free education, our desire to obtain a higher moral level, are among the various factors that constitute "real progress". Will Durant in his "Mansions of Philosophy" makes the following optimistic observation:

"Never was our heritage of civilization and culture so secure, and never was it half so rich. We may do our little share to augment it and transmit it, confident that time will wear away, chiefly, the dross of it, and that what is finally fair and worthy in it will be preserved to illuminate many generations."

PETER B. F. SLUSKONIS.

Valedictory

Tales of The Merrimack Valley

NEW ENGLAND is very fortunate in having tales and legends in abundance. And the Merrimack River and its surrounding valley has a large share of these. In poring over old histories and manuscripts, one is surprised to find how much this valley figures in the history of the old colonial settlers.

It has not yet been ascertained who really discovered the Merrimack River, but it is now fairly generally accepted by historians that Norsemen were the first to visit its banks, some years ago, a rude statue having been found in Bradford, which seemed to confirm this belief. Sieur de Monts, in 1604, said in his accounts of discoveries and settlements, "The Indians speak of a beautiful stream far to the south that is called by them the Merremack," and in the next year Champlain discovered a river believed by many to have been the Merrimack, although by his own records, it seems to have been the Charles River. The name of John Smith is also associated with the Merrimack, for he sailed up the river on his tour of exploration in New England. Whittier mentions this fact in his poem, "The Merrimack."

Numerous tales of Indians are associated with this section. There is the story of Passaconway, chief of all the tribes of the Merrimack, who, after a fierce battle with the Mohawk and Abnakis Indians, moved with his tribe to Lowell. With remarkable foresight, he realized the uselessness of fighting against the white-men, and therefore became one of their firm friends. After having lived over one hundred years, he died and was succeeded by his son Wannalancet, the last of the Merrimack Valley sachems, who was saved from becoming a homeless wanderer in the land of his forefathers by the kindness of a Colonel Tyng of Lowell, whose house is still standing. Colonel Tyng offered him shelter in his fine home during the last years of his life in gratitude for kindnesses formerly shown to him by this Indian.

Meanwhile, the villages of the Merrimack were growing in wealth and importance. Each, as it grew, cherished the tales of its ancestors passed down from generation to generation. An interesting story still told in Newburyport is about Timothy Dexter, who, due to remarkably good luck and an uncommon business sense, became very wealthy. Once, some facetious companions suggested that he send coal to Newcastle, the largest coal port in the world. He followed their advice and sent many tons. At that time, fortunately for him, there was a serious coal strike at Newcastle, and Dexter made a great profit from the transaction. At another time, he dreamed three consecutive nights that warming pans would do well in the West Indies. Therefore, he bought large quantities and sent them there. An ingenious sailor took off the covers and sold them to the West Indian sugar plantation owners for ladles, and Dexter found himself richer than ever. Besides being a financial genius, he was a great egotist. To spread his fame far and wide, he bought a house upon the crown of a hill and put minarets and cupolas on the roof in great numbers, spreading on top of all, a golden eagle, overlooking the bay. Then he had forty gigantic statues of famous men built on his front lawn. These became one of the sights of the town, but due to their dilapidated state, they were later torn down.



The favorite tale of Haverhill is not at all like that of Newburyport. Its heroine is Hannah Dustin, who was captured by Indians during a raid, and was taken to Concord, New Hampshire. While there, she scalped the ten sleeping Indians who had taken her, and brought back their scalps, that they might be shown as silent witnesses of her adventure. In commemoration of her courage, the citizens have erected a statue of her on the Haverhill Common.

North Andover, in spite of having no outstanding tale, is proud of being the home of Anne Bradstreet, the first poetess in America. Andover can boast of a visit from George Washington during the first year of his presidency. He dined at the Abbot Tavern which is still standing. And lastly, Methuen has the honor of being the only town in the world of that name. It was named in commemoration of a certain Lord Paul Methuen, a privy councillor of the king.

Besides these reminiscences, handed down for the most part by word of mouth, there are many tales perpetuated by the poets. Whittier probably did most to make these stories and legends immortal. One of his best remembered legendary poems is the "Bridal of Pennacook," concerning Weetamoo, daughter of Passaconway, who married Winnepurkit, Chief of Saugus. He tells us that when she wished to return home after a visit to her father, neither her father nor her husband would provide an escort to take her home, for fear of admitting to the other he was less powerful. Neither would yield and finally, Weetamoo, in a desperate attempt to reach her husband, sailed down the Merrimack, alone in a canoe. Of course she was unable to brave the rapids alone, and later the canoe was seen, empty and broken, floating down the river.

We are apt to see the Merrimack as a river of power, and value it in terms of money and the strength of its immense falls. We lose sight of the traditions with which it has been connected and forget to value it at all for the natural beauty of its surroundings. Mixed in with its valleys and hills, wooded slopes and cultivated fields, sparsely settled villages and thickly populated cities are thousands of tales, many of them nearly forgotten in dusty documents. Yet, they are there and we ought not to forget them, for they are closely woven into the history of our own ancestors.

Valedictory

Friends and Relatives: From your interest in our activities and from the direct and indirect aid which you have given us, the Class of 1933 has received a great inspiration. It has been possible only through your cooperation that many of our projects have been carried out. For all this, we extend to you our thanks and assurance of our appreciation.

Dear Principal and Teachers: The guidance and advice which you have given us will be remembered by us all for the rest of our lives. It is with a deep feeling of regret that we say good-bye to you and we shall endeavor to conform to the standards which you have set up for us, in order that we may prove ourselves worthy of your interest.

Schoolmates: To you tonight, after the many days of comradeship and friendship is left the task of carrying on the work which has already been started. May you always stand behind Johnson High and support its institutions.

Classmates: Tonight will probably be the last time in which the Class of 1933 as a whole is united. We shall all remember the many happy days we have spent at Johnson High, and through future years, we will cherish the many friendships we have made here. Let us all carry into the world the inspiration we have received from our four years at high school. Friends, one and all, the Class of 1933 bids you farewell. As have previous classes, we extend to you a hearty wish for the success of all which you undertake.

JEAN BARKER.

Class History

IT was a beautiful evening in old North Andover. The bulbul was singing under the old apple tree,—singing of his hopes and the victory he anticipated in the morrow's bulbul fight.

In the little shack by the old railroad track a dramatic scene was being enacted. A momentous letter was being read. The bearer was standing restless while the middle-aged lady was reading:

"This letter will be conveyed into your hands by the bearer thereof. His name is Peter Sluskonis, a person who has been living off me for two years, but he is a good boy, devout and honest. He is willing to work, but I have nothing to do in his life. Times, as you know, are dull.

"He is by profession a discoverer. He has been successful in the work where he has had opportunities, and there has been no complaint so far on the part of those who have employed him. Everything he has discovered has remained that way, so he is willing to let his work show for itself.

"Should you have any discovering to be done, you will do well to consider the qualifications of my friend.

"Very sincerely thine,

"Etc., etc.,"

Who could resist? The lady received the so called discoverer and outfitted him. That is how Peter Sluskonis by means of a forged letter, which was his first literary venture that was worth anything, reached Johnson High school long before immigration set in on that memorable first day of high school for the class of '33.

It now became the duty of the new class to seek out the person to preside over it, and John Phelan seemed to have almost negligible opposition.

President Phelan had no trouble at all in avoiding office seekers for all the other officers who are not at all important, were also chosen by the class.

Now came the time of his first speech. The senior class invited the class of '33 to a dance. Since precedent demanded it, Phelan accepted the invitation. It was a grand evening. A four—it might have been a five-piece orchestra gave out haunting music and we all enjoyed the ice cream.

It was later that the blow landed! We learned that we, the class of '33, were expected to give a return dance. Some time later we were informed by the head of our class that each and every member was to contribute a fixed sum of our hard-earned money. We employed the same orchestra and a grand time was had by all. Right here I want to say, although a historian shouldn't be prejudiced, that I think that this dance was much more enjoyed than the former one. This concluded our social activities for the year and in the other fields nothing worth recording happened.

The next year it was thought best to have two political parties, so they were organized and public speakers were engaged.

One party supported the administration and the other was against it. The depression had not yet been felt so the administration continued to administer and the opposition disappeared. The only enlivening incident during the year was the dance that was given to our heroes of the gridiron.



In the third year of our class, history repeated itself and again Phelan won the election, but only after an especially hard campaign in the course of which he delivered many speeches written by a person destined to become an eminent historian.

This year was especially hard on the purse-strings. There were rings to be bought. Why they buy them I don't know, but they do.

Then the class of '34 invited us to a dance. Naturally we went. That was the only thing we got free all that year. From rumors which have circulated around these old walls the donors are still hoping.

The next event was the class supper, part of the money for which was raised by a semi-public dance. This supper was a huge success.

It was during this year that the class of '33 started to contribute members to the athletic teams. Contributions were rejected for the most part, the ones in charge saying they wouldn't accept charity unless driven to it.

It was at this time, too, that Peter Sluskonis, the discoverer, received the Harvard Club book given each year to the boy in the junior class who has the highest scholastic standing.

And so, as was inevitable, 1933 rolled around. It was at this time that Phelan spoke those immortal words, "I do not choose to run," and wrote a farewell address, which he didn't deliver.

Charles Donlon succeeded him as president, and didn't change his politics to amount to much.

It was in this year that the class of '33 was in the limelight. The teams representing the school were composed for the most part of members of the class of '33. The student publication was headed by members of this same body. This class was lectured to more than any previous class. It was held up as an example. The intra-scholastic social functions were not failures, and the class finished the year in a blaze of glory at the annual supper tendered by the junior class.

And now the author begs leave to thank his auditors for the rapt attention shown, and to apologize for the tears thoughtlessly wrung from eyes unused to weep by the graphic word-painting and fine education shown by the author.

In closing, would it be out of place to say that the stringency of the money market is most noticeable and most painful, and for that reason would it be too much trouble for the owner of this history to refuse to loan it, thereby encouraging its sale and contributing to the comfort of a deserving young man?

JOHN MICHALOVICH.



The Last Will and Testament

WE, the class of 1933 having passed through a four year test for sanity, and being proud possessors of certificates stating the soundness of our mental apparatus, do hereby, on this eighth day of June, with utmost generosity, endow the following upon our expectant successors:

The Senior Class reluctantly bequeaths its majestic throne of Knowledge to its subalternate heirs who will find it difficult to govern with the efficiency and solemnity of the existing executives.

To our principal we leave our congratulations for his excellent leadership.

To Miss Sargent we leave our good wishes.

The History Class donates their overburdened and sweat-stained notebooks to anyone with remarkable powers of translation.

To the faculty we leave the pleasure of having taught such a class as this most memorable one.

Irvy Albrecht leaves his black and white shoes to Beau—Brummel Denault, and his mile-a-minute stride to Al Himber, hoping that Al will save fifteen minutes each day.

Elizabeth Cole leaves her senior boy friend to his own fate, accompanied by a request never to forget those romantic hours under the Boxford moon.

Robby Donlan, Hotcha boy of Johnson High, and points West, leaves the Harvard Hop to Red Thurlow.

John Michalovich, after much deliberate contention, and a deep perusal of his bounteous gifts, has decided upon a reciprocant for his endowment. He places Vince Contello in magnitudinous debt by relinquishing to Vince his progress of getting A's by means of his voluminous talking piece.

Paul Lanni leaves his haircut, and a bar of Life-buoy to William Hodge.

Jean Barker reluctantly relinquishes her afternoon chats with certain prospective P. G., to Juliette Auger, with a little advice on, "you great big he-man."

Johnny Phelan leaves his ability, as President, to finish the "J" Club's business in record time to his successor. His immediate departure and the following enjoyable hours, he leaves to any romantic Junior.

Mary Brady, bequeaths three-quarters of her beautiful tresses to help in the concealment of Thorwald Allen's superior cranium.

John Costello kindly bestows his shyness on Iggy Howard, who will perhaps be obliged to consult Webster.

"Tola" Mulligan leaves her dignity and a little of her reserve to Virginia Drew.

Irene Barron leaves her Evening of Paris cosmetics (A' la Woolworth's) and a little of her alluringness to Margaret Smith.

Albert Kennedy leaves his modesty and his unassuming character to the incomparable John Kennedy.

Maker and Robertson, Incorporated, leave their monopoly of the beautiful damsels of Greater Lawrence to William Graham, Freddy Holt, and one-half a dozen other romantic Juniors, who will be obliged to improve their technique if they desire to keep the above-mentioned members of the fair sex buying stock.

Demure Beatrice Goff donates her inviolate status as Class Grind to the Big Three (Clarenbach, Bixby, and Downing).

Helen Burnham regrettably leaves J. H. S. never to return since it is rumored a former prominent student has won her affections.

John Shea donates two gallons of milk, (a Methuen product) to the lunch room with a personal guarantee.

Eddie Adams leaves his Dusenburg Special and his unselfish willingness to drive the teachers to the depot, to Sammy Silverstein.



Saverio Campione bequeaths his ability to break the hearts of the fair sex, the brute, to William Drummond.

Joe Flynn leaves his "Don Pedro" sideboards and his unstained record to a home town boy, Henry Narushof.

Frank Nicholson, the Old Maestro of Johnson High, bestows his rythmical harmony upon Danny Hurd, who makes up in self-confidence, what he lacks in ability.

Jerry Mahoney leaves to Al Greenwood permission to escort to our public dances next year those charming girls who adore dancing with all Johnson boys, (as Jerry discovered).

Bill Shellnut donates, with a shaky hand, a few bottles of good old Budweiser to Eddie Welch.

Elise Clee parts sorrowfully with her mezzo-soprano voice, giving it to Beatrice Nelson.

Hannah Roche leaves her wistful eyes to Claire Lebel.

Leon Diamont leaves his dance floor form to Henry Kennedy, who has a tendency to doze off in the middle of a waltz.

Marjorie Gill, leaves the care of her hubby to Ellen Riley, in order to keep it in the family.

Ethel Jacobs wills her manicure, including the fiery red polish to Arlene McEvoy.

Gertrude Currier leaves her good-nature to Isabel Fenton, who really doesn't need it.

Long Tom Clark, the human cross-word puzzle, bequeaths his various ways of expressing that well known, "I don't know," to John Roy.

Agnes Lang, the school wag, leaves her book, "How I Got That Way," to Frances Cronin, whose rise has been spectacular.

Laurie Allen, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and a close relation to the above-mentioned Thorwald, bestows upon Charles Andrew his responsibility for keeping the family tree alive, (As man is nourished by food, a tree flourishes on sap).

Charles Donlan leaves a little all-round ability to Lewis Sanderson, and his indefatigable industry to Philip Evangelos.

Joseph Binns, bequeaths to Walter "Pythagoras" Mitchell his mathematical genius.

Rita Carroll leaves her basketball prowess to Martha Curley.

Ray Lavin leaves his Freshman giggle to Arthur Aaronian, his walk to Carl Degenhardt, his hand manoeuvres to Herman Cass, and his famous expression "What's up fellows " to Kenneth Brousseau.

Lennie Slicer, the great athlete, leaves his mental blur to Fat Morton, with his compliments and directions on how to carry on.

Alexander Pickles leaves his remarkable seven-speed ahead pickup in studies to James Casserly, the hurdler.

Eleanor Fitzgerald leaves her quietness to Dot Donnelly.

Kenneth Fenton wills a blue-print of trails and way stations of South Lawrence to "Stevie" Martin.

Mildred Stewart leaves her block of history notes and a little advice on their use to Helen Davis.

Katherine Knowles leaves a little innocence to Francis Connelly.

Pete Sluskonis bequeaths his fishing net with all the strings attached, to John Pillion. (Pete hopes that John has a drag with the Police Force).

Shy Louise Kane leaves her intelligence to Ruth Wormald, her curls to Helen Walker.

Agnes Hulme leaves her singular pronunciation to Katherine Glidden, whose roar is heard the school over.

Frank Stevenson, God's gift to women, leaves his ego to Arthur Phillips, his massive physique to Phil Hickingbotham, and his curling iron to Mary Perry.

Al Houston, the soda-jerker, gives his book telling of his ups and downs before his final achievement in marionnettes, to Bernice Dufton, in remembrance of many pleasant hours spent with the marionnettes.

Ronny Foley leaves his love to Mr. Mitchell.

Mildred Jackson leaves a couple of pairs of ankle socks to Pricilla Holt, who will have an endless amount of fun getting them on.

Charles Marchese leaves a well thumbed Bible to Evelyn Somerville, his antagonistic attitude in the history class to Mabel Black, and his stock of books, headed "Socialism, and What It Means" to Rita Enaire.

Phyllis Kruschwitz leaves her old school dresses, to her sister Patience with a mandate not to rip, tear, or wrinkle them.

George Holdsworth leaves a smile of admiration to Mary O'Brien, and his seat in room 8 to Angelina Vernile, knowing she will keep it well shined.

Esther Lündquist leaves her flaxen locks to Mary Martin with a dozen eggs for the shampoo, and her rosy cheeks to Rita Noone, whose rouge bill is something terrible.

Teddy McRobbie leaves the surrounding London fog to wide-awake Clifford Johnson.

Lillian Mort wills her harem of boy friends to Kitty May, who will not even notice the addition.

Mary Sullivan leaves her scrap book to Marguerite Phelan, who has three big road signs which she will add immediately.

Elmore Tacy, the Hitler of Johnson, wills two cases of German beer to Bill Callahan.

Loretta Parah bequeaths her ability to be seen but not heard to Teresa McLay.

Ben Riley wills his childhood antics to Eleanor Roche, who is too grown up for her age.

Dot Wedge leaves her cheerfulness and a few ounces to Helen Koroskys.

Gladys Phillips and Margaret Sheridan leave the school with no regret and a prayer of thanks.

Ruth Morton leaves her audaciousness to Rita Coppinger.

Evelyn Pendlebury donates a bag of peanuts to Arlene McCormack, who supplants her lack of speech by vigorous mastication.

Morris Cohen leaves his whispering voice, a little timidity, a few of his rainbow shirts, and a plugged nickel to Joe Fitzgerald.

Margaret Stott leaves a pair of well worn shoes covered with dust of the Andover roads to Lillian Callahan whose shoes are worse off from walking the streets nights.

Alice Williams leaves her place as a Journal typist to Rita Massey with orders to hold out for more money.

Eileen Murphy donates her Adam's apple to Shirley Pearl.

Last but not least the selectmen of this town have given the Senior Class permission to officially bestow on the fog of the Junior Class, Eugene Reginald Percy Walsh, the title which he has long coveted, namely, Mr. North Andover.

Having donated all but the clothes on our backs, and a few jingling pennies, we the Class of 1933 do hereby affix our signature and seal to this worthy document.

Witness:

E. L. PIERCE,

WM. P. CALLAHAN.

In behalf of:

THE CLASS OF 1933.

GEORGE J. ROBERTSON.





The Class Prophecy of 1933

THE Democratic National Convention of 1948 had finally come to a close after a hectic two weeks struggle in which I had lost fifteen pounds from the loss of food and sleep. My position as Chairman of this Convention was both tedious and burdening, carrying with it an endless amount of responsibility.

For two long weeks all I had heard were speeches and loud cheering. The result was a compromise between the Massachusetts and New York delegates when Frank Johnson, the Governor of Massachusetts, was chosen as the candidate for the Presidency with Hubert Parker of New York as his running mate. The popularity of this choice was emphasized by the wild acclaim with which it was received by the country. The party looked forward to another sweeping victory.

I was at home at last, the peace and quiet of my ranch acting as a soothing balm after my very recent experiences. This was the life I craved, sitting in my den with the morning papers spread out before me; no wife to boss me, no children to spank, and no one to tell me what I should or should not do. Yusoke, my Japanese house boy and my only employee, entered the den with my morning meal, steaming hot. Sipping my cocoa, I turned to the front page of the Morning Daily and nearly choked when I had finished reading the headlines. This is what I found:

"BOSTON BROKER WINS \$103,000 ON AN ENGLISH DERBY TICKET

William W. Maker, the Tiger of Wall Street, and a resident of Chestnut Hill, is the major winner in yesterday's prize drawings at Glendale Farms, England. The Tiger is the proud father of eleven children and resides with his family at the Grove Elms, Chestnut Hill, Boston."

The rest went on to tell of his rise in business, of his everlasting integrity and indefatigable industry, and lastly of how he had won his title as the "Tiger" of Wall Street. Little wonder that I nearly choked.

For the past ten years I had never seen a single one of my schoolmates nor was I aware as to the whereabouts of any, except the Democratic candidate, Frank Johnson. The paper slipped out of my hands as I sat there thinking of the school days long gone by, the happiest period in one's life; thinking also of the many friends, loyal and true, whom I had left behind me on my journey in life.

Rousing myself, I opened my desk and picked up a book which I cherished as one of my dearest possessions, my senior class year book. Many of the students must have changed radically both in appearance and in character. Perhaps many were successful business men and women, loving mothers and daddies, or retired bachelors and spinsters. Suddenly the desire to visit the east seized me as I pored over these pages, and my heart began to beat faster and faster. I would go! When? Early tomorrow morning. Here was an opportunity to look up my old friends and spend the few weeks of my vacation in the happy surroundings of those whose memories were dear to me.

As the plane wings its steady course over the Rockies I sit reading one of the daily newspapers that I had picked up from the paper racks. I also seized several magazines which of late I had had little opportunity to read.

In the sporting section I find that Jerry Mahoney discusses in his daily column the pros and cons of the coming world's championship heavyweight boxing bout between "Battling" Gordon, the challenger, and "Tiger" Leon Diamont, the defending champion of America and the Fiji Islands.

On the next page I read Al Kennedy's section, "This Curious World," in which he claimed that there exists in Africa a colony of Siamese twin natives.

In the comic section I found "Ebenezer Pluff," by Tommy Clark, still up to his neck in trouble with the farmers of Hicksville.

I came across nothing else of interest, so I laid the paper aside and tried to watch the scenery. However I soon tired of this and picked up the Saturday Evening Post. The attractive looking cover, which I could not help noticing, was drawn by that famed artist, Katherine Knowles.

The first page was devoted to an editorial dealing with the establishment of world peace in 1940 on the plan submitted by John Michalovich, present Ambassador to England. This article written by the editor, Gertrude Currier, went on to discuss the immediate success of the plan.

On page eleven I came to a discussion of the coming Presidential election, containing the picture, platform and record of each candidate. According to John Costello, the author, the victory would go to the Democrats. The rise of Frank Johnson in politics, reads the article, was similar to that of Al Smith.

Mildred Stewart, the Republican nominee, is a nationally known philanthropist and president of the American League for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was rumored, writes John, that her recent donation of 100,000 cases of tooth picks to the starving Armenians was only a publicity stunt.

A new party to enter the race was the Society Women's Party of America, and they chose their founder, Irene Barron, as their candidate in hopes of winning the election in their drive against cooking in the home. The author concluded by saying that the campaign would be one of the best in recent years.

Then I noticed an advertisement by Adams and Allen, the manufacturers of the newly invented Zipper Can. They claimed that this invention would save hours of labor for the American housewives.

The next page brought an offer by Alex Pickles, the strongest and best built man in America, to give you a handsome, husky body within thirty-three days by merely following his direction. To prove that his system was what it was advertised to be, he displayed his bulging muscles and enormous physique on the bottom of the page. A money back guarantee was also included.

The back cover showed two sailors drinking Golden Harvest Beer, manufactured and sold by the beer king of America, Ben Riley.

Then I picked up the Scientific Monthly, which I found dedicated to the country's youngest aeronautical engineer, Charlie Donlan, the present chief engineer of the government's bureau of aeronautical engineering. Charlie's rise after his graduation from M. I. T. had been very spectacular. His designs were now world famous, especially his latest model of the world's safest plane. I found nothing else that interested me, however, so I laid the book aside and entered the dining room.

A few couples were dancing to the strains of jazzy orchestra playing on the radio. I ordered a light lunch and sat munching my food when the song ended. The announcer then introduced the Merrymakers of the air advertising Albrecht's Matches, guaranteed to light on any surface, wet or dry. Glancing at my wrist watch, I found that my destination was almost reached. Soon I went back to my seat, sat down and fell asleep, not to be awakened until we had landed in the Boston airport.

The rosy-fingered dawn began my first day in Boston and after a shower, a shave and a hearty breakfast, I sauntered out of the Biltmore Hotel, where I had stayed overnight, and took a walk down to the state house where I met Alice Williams and Ethel Jacobs, secretaries to His Excellency, the Governor.

After spending ten minutes here I continued on my way down Beacon Street until I came to a large office on the windows of which was printed, LAVIN & ASSOCIATES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. So this was Ray Lavin's office! Suddenly I remembered reading a recent account in the New York Herald telling how, through his shrewdness and general knowledge of law, Ray had successfully defended a branded criminal whom the public had given up as guilty. I decided to pay him a surprise visit and was soon ushered into his private office by his secretary, Lillian Mort. After greeting each other warmly we were soon launched on an all day chat, each of us relating our respective stories. I learned that he was also president of the New England Bar Association. Suddenly he discovered that he was late for his appointment in court and snatching his hat and coat from a rack, he hustled me out of the office and into his car, instructing the chauffeur to drive to the courthouse. I protested that I had no desire to go with him and asked to be let off. However he said that he would have his chauffeur take me down to visit Dot Wedge's Beauty Salon where I could have my finger nails manicured.

I admitted that I was sorely in need of a manicure and it was not long before I was seated in a booth with one hand in a water bowl and the other having its nails polished by Margaret Stott, an expert manicurist. One big surprise was that I could

no longer call Dot by her old nickname, Kate Smith, since I found her greatly reduced. She told me that she owed it all to Loretta Parah's new chewing gum, famous for getting rid of avoirdupois. After tipping the manicurist I sauntered out and continued on my way down Washington Street.

As I passed Raymond's Department Store, I caught a glimpse of Frank Stevenson making a sale. A little farther down I came to Cole's Florist Shop, a large, neat looking store, where many pretty flowers were on display.

Then my attention was attracted to a large electric sign, advertising Morton's Pharmacy. Five minutes later I was eating a college-ice, listening to Ruth Morton telling me all about the drugstore business. Before I left, she told me that Lenny Slicer was the new registrar of motor vehicles. I continued my aimless wanderings for another half hour and then went back to my hotel.

As I entered the lobby, I caught a glimpse of Teddy McRobbie shooting a game of billiards in the billiard parlor. I joined him and we soon became involved in a billiard match. At the same time I learned that he was the playing manager of the Boston Red Sox, the leaders of the American League. The game soon broke up because he was due at the park for practice so I picked up a magazine and sat down in the lobby.

As I pored over the pages, I found many pictures of Hollywood life, including the actors and actresses and a comment on the latest pictures. Helen Burnham, the Marie Dressler of Hollywood had recently completed her latest picture, "Heels Are My Weakness." Mary Brady, the latest find, who had stood Broadway stage followers on their heads for a continuous run of four months, thereby breaking all previous records and tickets sales, was recently admitted into the ranks of the "Wampus Babies."

Al Houston, the Clark Gable of yesterday, was en route to Paris where he was to make a picture of Paris night life.

Suddenly I heard the bellboy paging me and I beckoned to him. He brought me a note from Ray Lavin which said that he had met Johnny Phelan in the court room lobby and had told him that I was in town. As a result, he had sent his chauffeur for me, who was to drive me down to Johnny's office.

Outside I found the car waiting and in two minutes we halted in front of a large office building. The elevator took me up to the third floor where I soon found an office door reading, John J. Phelan Jr., Cancer Specialist.

As the door swung open I entered a richly furnished waiting room and it was not long before I was ushered into the presence of his doctorship by a pretty girl whom I took to be his secretary, and who, curiously enough, seemed to lend a South Lawrence atmosphere to the office. I found him expecting me and I nearly broke his arm off shaking hands with him. He had grown tall and athletic-looking and I noticed that he was already grey at the temples. We both sat down and it was not long before I learned his whole history and he mine.

He had gone through Harvard, had served his internship, and had then returned to specialize in cancer. Thus far he had contributed many puzzling solutions to this great problem, having already discovered its origin. No he was not married, just a bachelor, residing in his bungalow in the North Andover Tavern Acres. Suddenly he decided that we must celebrate our meeting so he instructed his secretary to cancel all appointments for the remainder of the day and we left his office, jumped into his shining Cord roadster and we were off.

As we whizzed along, leaving Boston in the background, he told me that we were headed for the Merrimack Valley Country Club of which he was a member and director. The new Fellsway soon brought us into Reading, then Andover and finally Shawsheen square, where I noticed a huge dance pavillion advertising a dance marathon then in progress. Doc—I had decided to call him thus—told me that Kenny Fenton was promoting the marathon and that Mildred Jackson and her partner, a nationally known couple who had recently won the World's Fair marathon, were the leading contenders for the first prize. By this time we had reached South Lawrence and we both looked at each other and smiled understandingly.

We arrived at the club in time for lunch after which we repaired to Doc's private locker room and jumped into some golfing togs. As I was about to tee off, some one yelled, "fore," and looking around I discovered John Shea and George Robertson, all rigged out in shorts, polo shirts, and black and white golfing sandals. Having greeted each other warmly, we formed a foursome, Doc and I teaming against the other two. Unfortunately my golf had been sorely neglected of late and the final score of three rounds came out in their favor. After a cold shower and a rubdown we all felt capable of devouring even a raw steak so we drove into Lawrence, John and George following in the latter's car. They took me into "The Paradise," owned and operated by Agnes

Lang, and we soon became involved in an eating race. Doc, however, still showed us that his everlasting superior capacity was not to be overcome and I was certainly glad that I did not have to pay the bill.

From the conversation I learned that George was now a retired broker, a selectman of North Andover and the president of the Lions Club.

John Shea, besides being the chairman of the school committee was also the town's leading dentist. Then they began to argue over my lodgings. Doc maintained that I should be his guest for the first few days anyway, while John and George argued that I should remain at one of their homes since they were married. They said that their wives would make me feel right at home and that I would receive hospitality galore. Personally I agreed with them although I did not say so. It was finally settled that I was to stay with Doc for a couple of days and then with the other two.

We parted in North Andover and I promised to see them again soon. As we rode past the library, Doc told me that Eleanor Fitzgerald was now the head librarian. Arriving at the Tavern Acres, Doc turned into the driveway of a low, snug-looking, brown bungalow surrounded by many flowers and pretty, green shrubbery. I found the inside very peaceful and cheering, an ideal home for a bachelor. We spent the rest of the day exploring his home and back yard, where he spent much of his leisure time in his flower garden.

That evening we stayed in and talked of our school days, recalling the many sweet victories on the gridiron and diamond; the pleasant social activities in which we had taken part, and the many happy hours spent in and out of our class rooms, not forgetting, also, the unpleasant ones. Then we listened to the radio, a new television set which Doc had purchased recently.

Tuning in on WEAF, we heard and saw Joe Binns, the announcer, introducing Carroll's Yeast hour, featuring Frank Nicholson and his Rahjaks of Rhythm. My word, there was Saverio Campione sawing away at a fiddle tucked under his chin. Then Elise Clee, the blues singer, warbled a few popular tunes. We enjoyed the program exceedingly and were sorry when the time came to retire. I asked Doc to pay my hotel bill and to bring my baggage back with him the next day.

The next morning, after a very tasty breakfast prepared by Frieda, Doc's German housekeeper, I set out on a stroll through the town with intentions of visiting Johnson High later in the morning. I ran into Gladys Philips and Margaret Sheridan wheeling baby carriages. They said that they had been married for a number of years. The babies began to cry and, sensing that there was something wrong, I decided to be on my way. Curiously enough, the crying stopped when I left.

To my great surprise, I found Main Street a very busy thoroughfare with its many new stores and two banks. On one of the buildings I noticed a large sign reading, George Holdsworth, Insurance of all Kinds.

As I crossed the street I was nearly struck down by the health department automobile driven by Esther Lundquist. I decided to report this reckless driving to the police and entered the station only to find the chief, Elmore Tacy, asleep at the desk. He soon awoke after a few gentle taps on the head and I learned from him that Flynn's Carnival had just arrived in town.

I decided to pay Joe a visit and I found him on the Grogan field grounds directing the setting up operations. He was all dressed up in a white cotton suit and a Panama straw hat. I also noticed that he had cultivated a Rudolph Rassendale mustache. Paul Lanni, the strong man and wrestler of the show, came out of a side tent and offered to take me on for five dollars a minute. However Joe would not allow me to accept the challenge since he badly needed the services of his wrestler.

Just then I remembered that I was to visit the High School so I hailed a passing auto, the driver of which I found to be Bill Shellnut who told me he was selling canned electricity, and he brought me right up to the school door. I found the building somewhat enlarged and improved, and the grounds about it very neat and well kept. In the office I shook hands with Mr. Hayes, who was still as spry and jovial as ever.

From him I learned that Eileen Murphy has taken Miss Kelly's place as a history teacher. Beatrice Goff had taken Miss Green's place while Mr. Mitchell had been supplanted by Louise Kane.

Downstairs in the enlarged lunch room I found Bill Callahan chatting with Agnes Hulme and Phyllis Kruschwitz, the proprietors.

Rob Donlan, the athletic coach, was in charge of the manual training class. He told me that the school was meeting with a great deal of success in sports, having won six cups in a row. I spent the rest of the school day visiting the classes and reading the Johnson Journals.

As I came walking up the sidewalk of the bungalow, I found George Robertson waiting for me with an invitation to spend the afternoon at a movie. Since I had eaten in the High School lunch room, I did not feel hungry so we set out for Lawrence in George's car. The next ten minutes found us in the first balcony of the Warner theatre, enjoying the last act, a dance revue in which Hannah Roche and Evelyn Pendlebury were the leaders. Then the main picture flashed on the screen and I nearly passed out when I found that it was Marjorie Gill's latest hit, "Hot Lipstick."

The Pathe News brought Ronny Foley, who recently piloted the U. S. Olympic team to a smashing victory by breaking the world's pole vault record. And here was Jean Barker, United States Secretary of State, officially recognizing Russia, whose President was Charles Marchese. Charlie had been exiled from this country ten years ago for his extreme radicalism. He had gone to Russia where he soon gained a following, finally overthrowing the Communists, and established a Socialist government of which he was the head. And now he had finally forced the United States to recognize his government.

The next picture showed Mary Sullivan, the president of Columbia University, conferring upon Peter B. F. Sluskonis the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Pete had become famous when he had submitted to ex-President Roosevelt a plan under which the United States turned that corner on two wheels, leaving the memorable depression of 1929 far behind.

Finally Pathe News presented the World's Fashion Show, personally directed by the women's fashion expert of America, Tola Mulligan. After enjoying the minor picture, we left for home.

The next few days were spent with Doc and then I stayed for several days with George and John Shea. To say that I had greatly enjoyed my vacation would be putting it lightly. However the time finally came when I was forced to leave, owing to the pressure of my duties.

As the same plane wings its way back over the Rockies, I sit thinking of the many classmates whom I have met in the past two weeks and of the many happy hours I have spent in their company, and, I cannot help but conclude that the class of '33 was the best ever to graduate from dear old Johnson High.

MORRIS M. COHEN, '33.



Class Ballot

Most Promising Boy	-	-	-	-	Peter Sluskonis
Most Promising Girl	-	-	-	-	Jean Barker
Prettiest Girl	-	-	-	-	Capitola Mulligan
Best Looking Boy	-	-	-	-	John Shea
Most Popular Boy	-	-	-	-	Charles Donlan
Most Popular Girl	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Gill
Cutest Girl	-	-	-	-	Mary Brady
Most Innocent Boy	-	-	-	-	John Costello
Most Innocent Girl	-	-	-	-	Louise Kane
Teacher's Delight	-	-	-	-	Joe Flynn
Class Talker (Boy)	-	-	-	-	Charles Marchese
Class Talker (Girl)	-	-	-	-	Agnes Lang
Class Humorist	-	-	-	-	Leon Diamont
Class Actor	-	-	-	-	George Robertson
Class Actress	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Gill
Best All-round Boy	-	-	-	-	Charles Donlan
Best All-round Girl	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Gill
Class Eater	-	-	-	-	Jeremiah Mahoney
Best Girl Student	-	-	-	-	Jean Barker
Best Boy Student	-	-	-	-	Peter Sluskonis
Class Poet	-	-	-	-	Peter Sluskonis
Quietest Girl	-	-	-	-	Louise Kane
Quietest Boy	-	-	-	-	Fred McRobbie
Shyest Girl	-	-	-	-	Louise Kane
Shyest Boy	-	-	-	-	William Maker
Class Athlete (Boy)	-	-	-	-	Charles Donlan
Class Athlete (Girl)	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Gill
Class Bluffer	-	-	-	-	John Michalovich
Class Heart-Breaker	-	-	-	-	Saverio Campione
Class Shiek	-	-	-	-	Ben Riley
Class Baby	-	-	-	-	Irene Barron
Class Vamp	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Cole
Class Flapper	-	-	-	-	Elise Clee

Senior Girls Double Quartet



MISS RICHMOND picked out eight senior girls to make up a double quartet, the first ever planned for graduation. This group of girls consisted of: Mary Brady, Dorothy Wedge, Elise Clee, Jean Barker, Gertrude Currier, Rita Carroll, Marjorie Gill, and Agnes Lang. The song they are to sing is, "The Lily and the Rose" by Stephen Glover. The Glee Club will also present two songs, "When Life Is Brightest," and "Moonlight Meadows."



Class Song

"ADIEU"

To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Four years have passed, dear Johnson High
And we are leaving you.
No happier years have e'er been spent,
Than we have spent with you.

Oh schoolmates and our teachers dear,
To us so kind and true,
We hate to think of parting now,
To say to you, "Adieu."

Oh, grace to Johnson's high ideals,
That we have tried to keep;
May they forever be our guide
And never seem too steep.

Chorus—After last stanza

For auld lang syne, my friends
For auld lang syne.
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
"Adieu", dear Johnson High.

AGNES TODD LANG, '33.





.... Youth Continues to Choose Bachrach

This year, last year, and for sixty - five years previously, students with verve and imagination have chosen Bachrach and will, we hope for time to come.

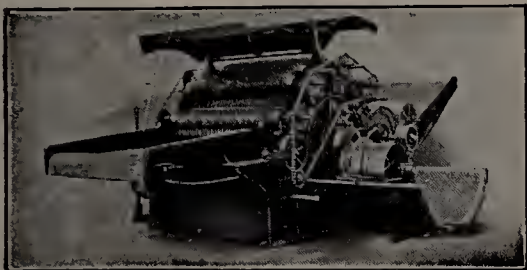
Wherever a Bachrach portrait may be sent, the recipient appreciates it the more because of the reputation of the artist.

Official photographer for the Class of 1933.



BAY STATE BUILDING

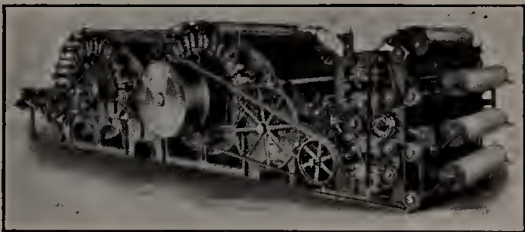
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